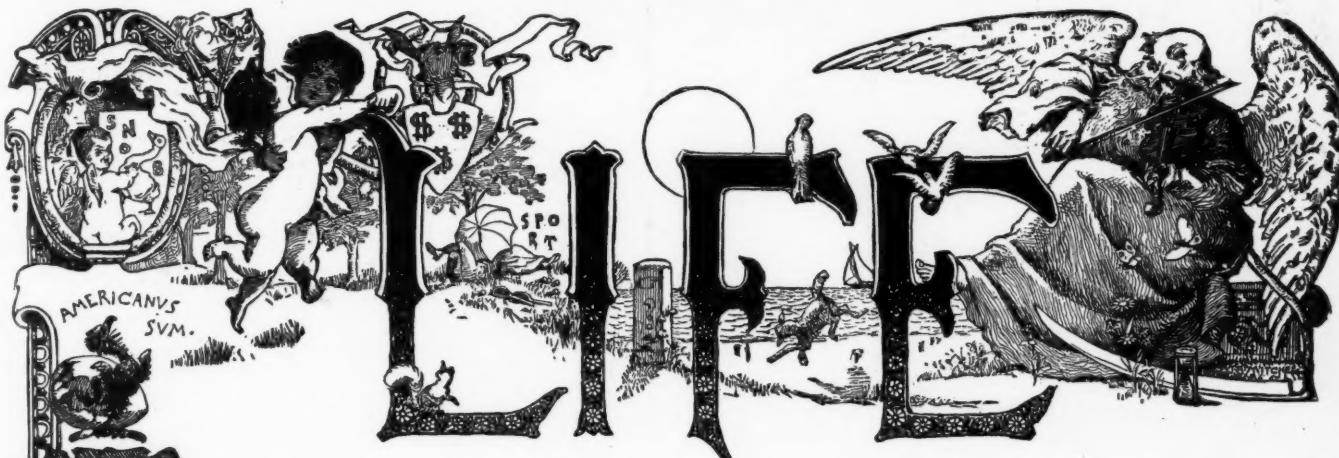


## VOLUME XXVI.

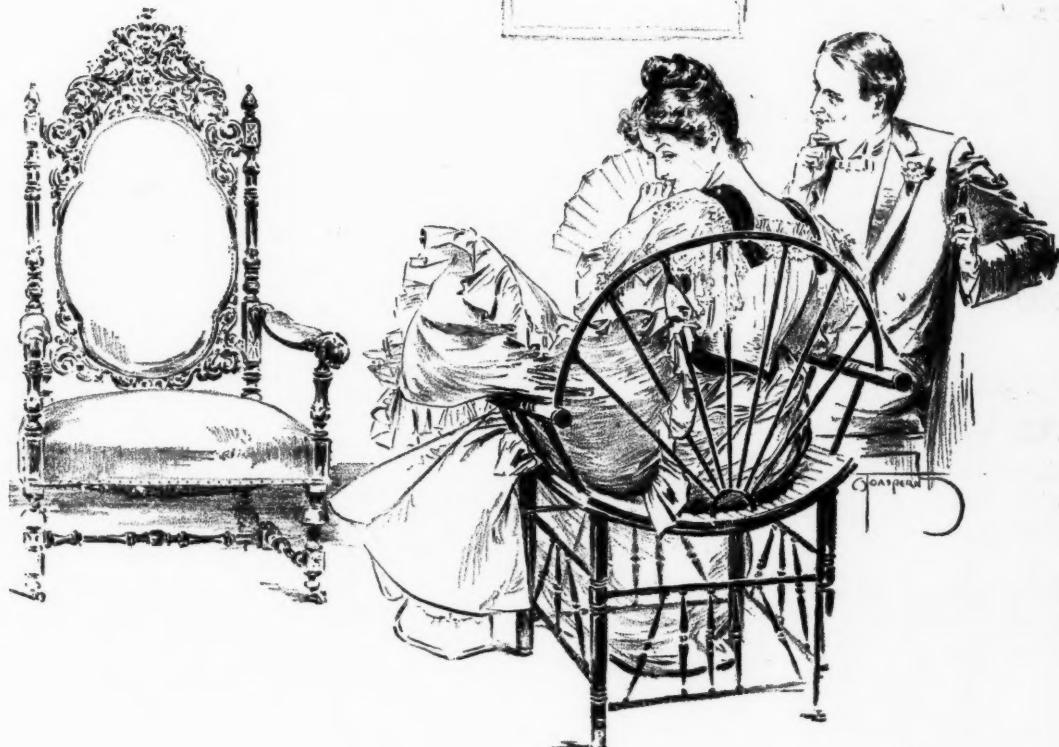
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

**NUMBER 672.**

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.  
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ISSUED  
EVERY  
THURSDAY  
Ten Cents  
a Copy.



## A GIVE AWAY.

*He:* I WONDER IF THAT CHAIR IS BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO?  
*She (inadvertently):* OH, YES; I KNOW IT IS.

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COMPARE METHODS

The more you know of merchandise the more you'll wonder at the great gathering of goods we have made, and at the little money needed to give you the pick of them.

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### WOMEN'S WRAPS

A baker's dozen. Ten times as many items would all point the same moral.

Genuine French coney Capes, 30 in. long, 100 in. sweep, \$7.50, \$10, \$12.

French coney Animal Scarfs, a limited quantity, 50c.; you'd pay \$1 elsewhere.  
Black shibet fur Boas, a yard and a half long, \$3.50, \$5, \$7.50.

Plain cloth Capes, handsomely braided and braid trimmed, suitable for middle-aged women, \$12, \$13 50 up to \$20.

Fine imported velour Capes, handsomely beaded, storm collar, silk lined, \$12.50; from \$18.

Very fine velour Capes, handsomely embroidered with jet, trimmed with ostrich around neck and ribbon, \$18; were \$27.50.

Velour Capes, handsomely beaded, with Alaska sable collar, 26 in. long, \$25, from \$37.50.

Very handsome velvet Capes, handsomely embroidered in panel style, finished at neck with fine ostrich boa, lined with figured taffeta silk, \$60.

Very fine velour Capes, handsomely applied with braid and cut beads, with Angora collar, also down front and around bottom, \$60; originally \$85.

Handsome velour Capes, beautifully embroidered with cut beads, very elaborate designs, finished with the finest quality of shibet, \$75; originally \$115.

Full sweep velour Capes, alternate panels of beaded satin and embroidery edge, with ostrich trimming, finished at neck with ostrich tips, \$50; from \$115.

High novelty in combination Capes of astrakhan hand embroidery on cloth, finished at neck with satin ribbon, \$100; originally \$150.

Very handsome velour Capes, 30 in. long, yoke of very fine beading and hand embroidery, double cape effect, trimmed with sable fur around neck, yoke and double cape, \$90; originally \$150.

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Walking Hats, Bonnets  
And Pelerines.

A Special Importation  
of

### French Novelties

including choice combinations of  
Fur, Lace and Flowers  
For Reception and Carriage Wear.

West 23d St.



THAT'S WHY.

"WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?"  
"CAUSE I CAN'T GIT OUT!"

WE publish the following to show how hot the vivisector's mind becomes when it encounters opposition:

"LIFE'S" ANTIVIVISECTION-CRUSADE.

To the Editor of THE MEDICAL NEWS,

SIR: I write to thank you for the sensible and outspoken letter to *Life*, which is reprinted in the *News* of last week. Since the appearance, some months ago, of a venomous and malicious antivivisection-cartoon, I have neither bought nor looked at *Life*. For years I had enjoyed its pages, but a journal that insults my best friends insults me, and I shun it as I would a blackguard of the slums.

Yours, Johns Hopkins University,  
BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 21ST.

WILLIAM OSLER.

Of course we are sorry to lose Mr. William Osler as a subscriber, but we are constrained to admit that he does a wise thing in not reading *LIFE*. It would only irritate him. He will find a more congenial and soothing occupation in mutilating his four-footed friends—if that happens to be his trade.

LOVE SURPASSING.

I HAVE no use for cats at all,  
They seem to me to be  
The very concentration of  
The blackest treachery.

I have no use for tea at all,  
For, candidly, I think  
Of all the drinks that e'er was drunk  
It is the poorest drink.

And yet, this afternoon, I hold  
A cat upon my knee,  
And stroke him kindly, while I sip  
Deep draughts of breakfast tea.

And all because I love dear Mab  
So very deeply that  
I've even admiration for  
Her tipple and her cat!  
Carlyle Smith.

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

"SEE the girl with the  
pug nose!"  
"Hush! She is worth fifteen million  
dollars in her own right."  
"What a charming retroussé!"

WELL!

VANDERBILT-MARLBOROUGH WEDDING—  
Church Card for sale for highest bid received before  
Monday next. Address A. B., 103 Herald.—*New York  
Herald*.



A TRAINED NURSE.

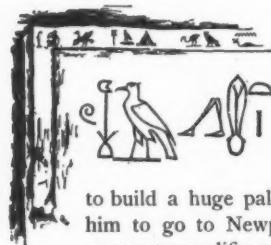


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVI. NOVEMBER 14, 1895. No. 672.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*



**T**HREE is a report abroad that Mr. John Rockefeller intends to build a country house of prodigious size and proportionate cost. Well! All right! It may be hard for some people to see just why any contemporary American should care to build a huge palace for himself when it is so easy for him to go to Newport and look at the very notable and momentous edifices that the Messrs. Vanderbilt and other gentlemen have reared there. Of course, too, so far as a man's personal comfort goes, a moderate house would be much less troublesome and handier to live in than a huge one. But building is one way of expressing oneself, and when one's accumulations become so considerable as Mr. Rockefeller's, to express oneself and them at all adequately is difficult, and if there happens to be an inspiring architect within reach, it comes natural enough to experiment with house-building.

\* \* \*



**T**HREE are those who criticise the rearing of great houses as an objectionable species of ostentation and a great waste of money. LIFE is not ready yet to take that view. A man who puts millions into a house gets comparatively little glory out of it, just as he may get comparatively little solid personal comfort out of it. If it is an admirable creation the person who gets the glory is the architect, and the pleasure of beholding it is shared with every seeing person who has the capacity to appreciate art. A great house, even such a one as Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's on the Plaza in New York, is an institution. Such houses make cities interesting, and if they are in the country they add interest to the region about them. It is to see splendid palaces, among other things, that Americans flock in such crowds to Europe every summer, and it is the same attraction that begins to lure the Europeans to Newport when they come out to "the States."

The country needs a lot of palaces. They excite the imagination and educate the taste. In time some of the more imposing and substantial of them will make tip-top ruins, and the country needs ruins too.

It is a pity, of course, that our finest buildings should not belong to the people, and stand on accessible sites where folks can easily get at them. But we are improving in that respect, and our newer public buildings are as a rule a good deal better than the older ones.

\* \* \*

**A**LL right about your new house, Mr. Rockefeller. Build it as big as you like and as beautiful as you can. And please, sir, take great and particular pains with the outside of it, and locate it, if convenient, within reasonable bicycling distance from this town. There are houses less than ten years old in this country that are worth going ten or even twenty miles to see. Let yours be of that order, please, and we will all try to get around and take a look at it when it is done.

\* \* \*

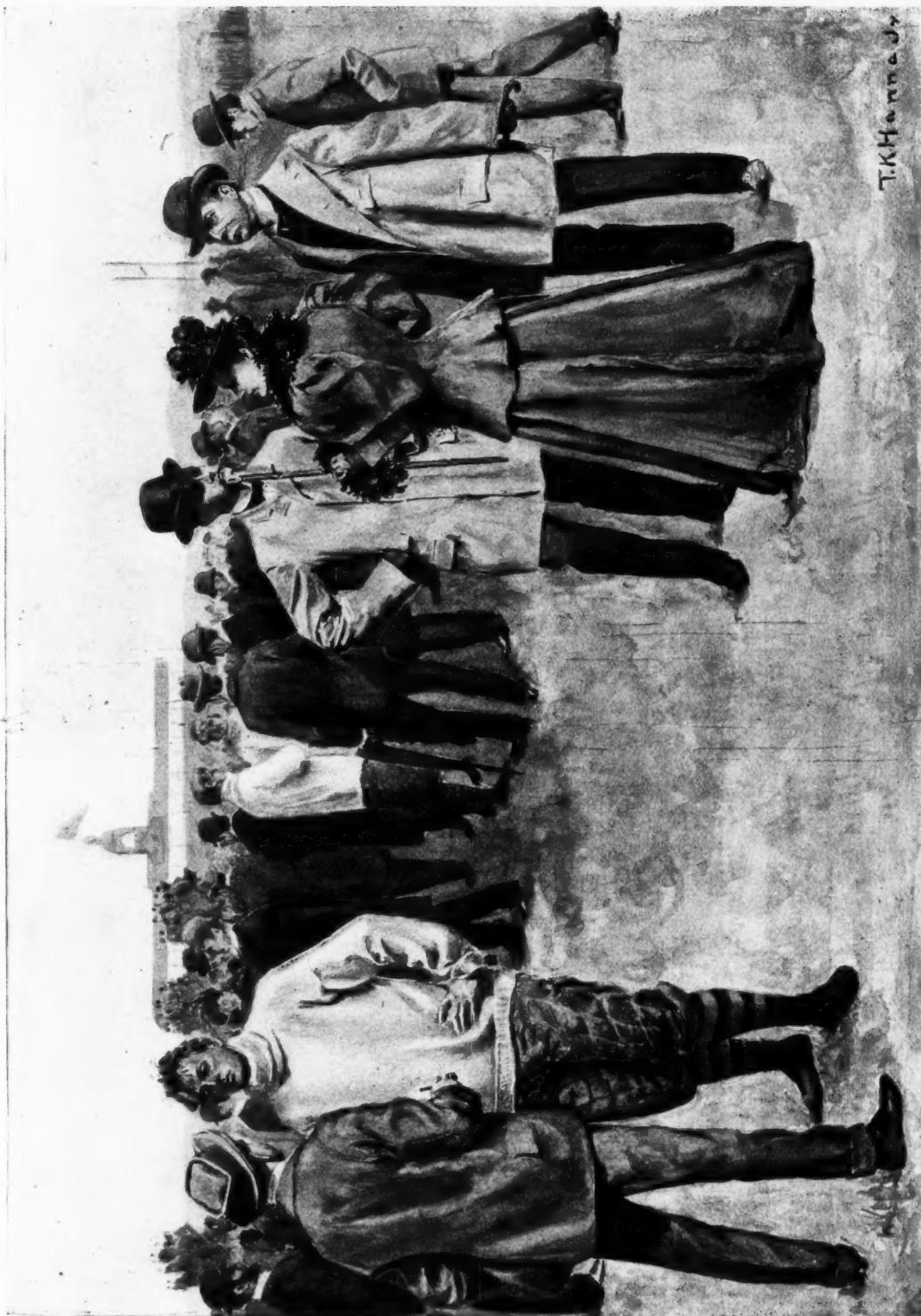


**I**T is not without regret, qualified with consternation, that LIFE has learned of the intention of Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, to form an alliance with Russia and thrash the stuffing out of Great Britain. Of course Mr. Chandler may have been carried away by hostile emotions, and may not really mean all that he says, still it seems a matter of timely propriety to warn the folks in New Hampshire not to allow themselves to be entangled by their ferocious representative in unremunerative alliances and embroiled

in costly wars. The eyes fill at the very thought of Chandler bristling off to annihilate England, dragging New Hampshire after him as a nursemaid tows an unwilling pug by a string. Don't do it, Bill! It might be glorious, but think of the widows and orphans, and pause before you start the work of devastation.

\* \* \*

**T**HE *Evening Post*, in its recent valuable summary of the personal and political qualities of candidates for office, characterized our Uncle Amos Cummings as "journalist nominally, but for years a persistent office-seeker." It is true enough that our Uncle Amos has served four terms as member of congress, and lately held an office in this town for about six months, but it has never been suggested before that in or out of office there was anything nominal about his journalism. A newspaper that would speak of him as a "journalist nominally" might be expected to describe the late W. Shakespeare as a playwright nominally, but for years a persistent poacher.



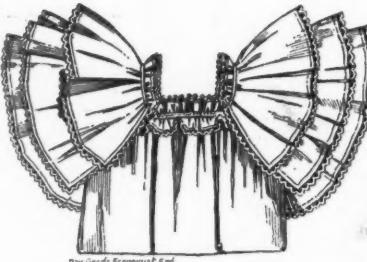
*She:* How did he enter college? He isn't sixteen yet.  
*He:* No. But he is over six feet, and has a chest measurement of forty inches.

## OF INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

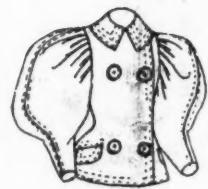
REALIZING THE UNIVERSAL INTEREST TAKEN IN THE DUKE-VANDERBILT WEDDING, LIFE HAS SECURED RELIABLE VIEWS OF THE GROOM'S TROUSSEAU, AND ALSO AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE GIFTS PRESENTED TO THE GROOM. LIFE CANNOT AFFORD TO LET THE DAILY PRESS BEAT IT IN THESE IMPORTANT MATTERS.



His Grace's Tobogganing Jacket.



Upper Section of His Grace's Pajamas.



His Grace's Bath Gown.



The Sock where His Grace put the \$5,000,000.

## VIEWS OF THE DOOK'S TROUSSEAU.



His Grace's Pocket Handkerchief (not for use.)



His Grace's Dress Suit.

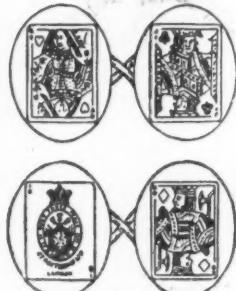


His Grace's Golfing Cap.

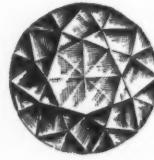


His Grace's Linen Duster.

## SOME OF THE PRESENTS.



Baccarat Sleeve Links presented by Albert Edward.



One of the Diamonds from the handful given by the bride's father.



Shooting Jacket presented by the State of Colorado.

\$25.



The Ring.



Garter Clasp presented by Her Majesty the Queen.



A little Gift to himself, by the Groom.

"COME around next week Saturday, Hawkins. My wife and I are going to celebrate our silver wedding."

"Silver wedding? Why you haven't been married more than twelve years."

"I know it; but silver has depreciated. It's only worth twelve where it used to be twenty-five."

"I THOUGHT I saw you coming out of a dime museum yesterday."

"Perhaps you did. I'm employed in one now."

"What? Why, there's nothing freakish about you."

"Oh, yes there is. I'm the only man who's never been run down by a bicyclist."



"THE WRONG MAN? BUT THAT IS VAGUE. WHO IS THE WRONG MAN?"  
 "THE MAN A GIRL MARRIES, OF COURSE."

---

#### A CLEVER GENTLEMAN.

LIFE wishes to present to its readers Mr. C. D. BUCKWELL of Old Westbury, Long Island, New York. Mr. Buckwell's stationery, chirography and diction would indicate him to be an educated gentleman. His conduct would suggest the rogue.

The motto of the crest he uses is "Semper Vigilans." His vigilance recently took the form of discovering some jokes reprinted from America into English papers, copying them almost word for word, and sending them to LIFE, trusting, it is to be supposed, that the copying part of his enterprise would not be noticed. Unfortunately LIFE is also "semper vigilans" and Mr. Buckwell didn't know it.

LIFE pays liberally for the matter it uses. Far be it from us to suggest that Mr. Buckwell had ever heard of this fact. Of course if he had received a check from LIFE he never would have used it. He's not a highwayman nor a burglar. He's not even a sneak thief. Those people take chances of imprisonment. Mr. Buckwell only took the chance of this notice to the public and our contemporaries that he is "semper vigilans."

---

#### A SERIOUS AILMENT.

CAWKER: I sat up with a sick friend last night.  
 CUMSO: What ailed him?  
 CAWKER: He lost ninety-three dollars.



**HOMICIDAL HONORS.**  
THE afternoon is flitting swiftly by, the chirp of the sparrows is growing dull, the sun is sinking aslant the roofs of the opposite houses, the evening is creeping on apace as a young and richly dressed woman trips lightly up the broad steps of the county jail, and, after a brief interchange of words with the turnkey, disappears through the ponderous doors.

She carries in her hand a basket of delicious fruit surmounted by a daintily arranged bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers.

Pausing in front of one of the cells, she peers through the steel lattice at the shadowy outlines of the occupant. "See, my good man," she says, the sweet voice vibrating strangely upon the silence of the corridor. "See, I have brought you some fruit and flowers, and I want to talk to you—I want you to tell me all about—"

"Madame"—the prisoner emerges from a corner of his gloomy cell and stands near the door—"you will find the wife-murderer three cells below here; I am only a burglar."



THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS.  
LITTLE DANA.  
TAKEN WHEN FOUR DAYS OLD.



A SELF-MADE MAN.



NEW YORK ABOVE AND BELOW "THE BARB-WIRE FENCE."

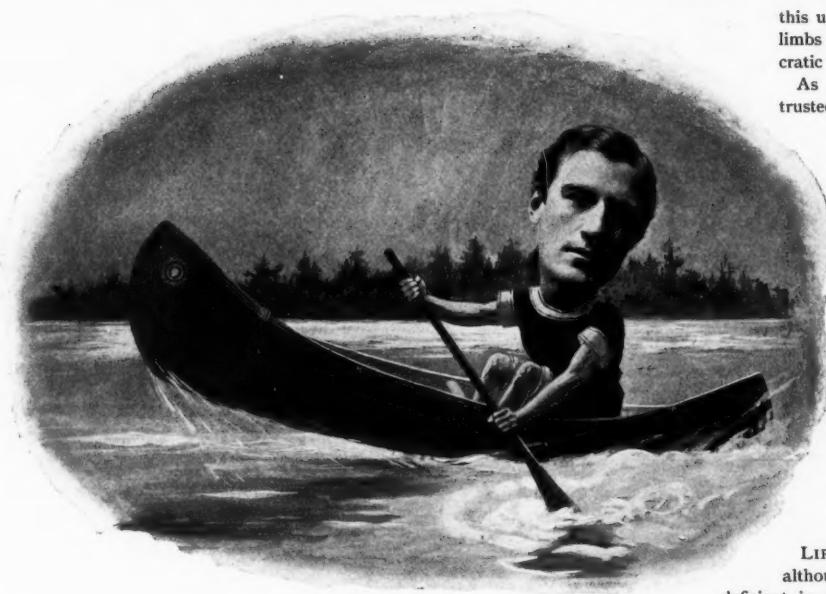
**I**N reading Brander Matthews's story "His Father's Son" (Harpers), one is impressed with the fact that a great deal is to be gained by a persistent, intelligent study of the art of fiction. Just as one can in a moment pick out a lawyer of experience in a court-room by the directness of his methods, so will the appreciative reader from the very start feel the expert craftsman in Mr. Matthews's story. It is a model of direct, condensed narration. The story is told without inferences, and yet the reader will catch on every page hints of the definite purpose in view.

The author has no doubt about his characters. He sees their motives and tendencies from the start, and yet he does not in any way try to prejudice the reader for or against any one of them. His attitude is entirely *impersonal*; it is not even judicial. Judgment is left for events to determine.

There have been many attempts at depicting the American millionaire—and most of them have been caricatures. In this story the millionaire is a reasonable being, whose success is clearly shown to be the result of certain qualities. The best thing in the portraiture is the austere morality of the man, and his absolute severity in keeping to all those virtues that are supposed to be the bulwarks of social order. His affection for his family is shown in a natural way, free from exaggeration. The whole domestic establishment on Madison Square is described with a concise verity that makes it almost photographic.

He is apparently just as austere when he goes to his office in Wall Street. But there he does not draw the line between *mine* and *thine*. He is simply playing a game for money stakes. He believes himself to be absolutely honest in motive and method, and yet he is constantly robbing corporations and friends by perfectly legal methods.

Most modern realists tell you that their hero does thus and so; Mr. Matthews shows you how his hero does it, and permits you to draw your own conclusions.



CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

AS HE APPEARS BEFORE HIS MORNING PLUNGE OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

His portraiture of the father's son is equally plain, but more subtle in its conception. He shows you how the unconscious dishonesty of the father bears its legitimate fruit in a different kind of dishonesty in the son that is abhorrent to his father, who cannot imagine anything more foreign to his principles.

\* \* \*

THE realism in Edward W. Townsend's, "A Daughter of the Tenements" (Lovell), is of a very different kind. You can see that the author has studied his types from life; and that when he describes Mulberry Bend, and the Tivoli, and the Political Boss, he is writing from observation. But the story itself is essentially melodramatic. It is a mingling of real people with improbable happenings. The combination makes a story of the kind that holds your attention.

*Droch.*

#### THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. XIX.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

THIS determined baby was scarcely two days old before giving signs of that genius which has since made his name a household word in millions of American homes.

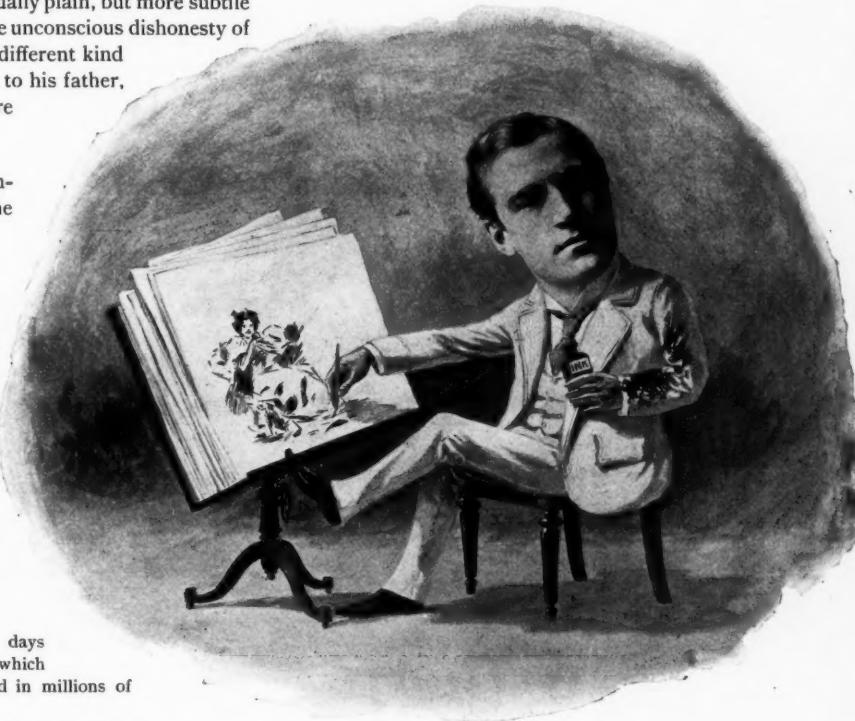
His parents and nurse being too wise to give him ink or pencil, he seized a pair of scissors and with marvellous rapidity cut out forms of every conceivable outline. It is asserted that his acute appreciation of female loveliness displayed itself at

this unnecessarily early period, and that the faces and limbs of these paper damsels were wonders of aristocratic beauty.

As soon, however, as he was old enough to be trusted with pens and ink it became evident that he was destined to occupy a front seat on the platform of fame. The ideal American girl as represented by Mr. Gibson is believed by many to be even more attractive than the original, for being a young man of delicate fancy and discrimination, he depicts her as she ought to be; or, if preferred, as she sometimes is.

One of this gentleman's peculiarities is illustrated in the third portrait and possibly requires an explanation. When at work in his luxurious studio he dons an old coat and uses the sleeve of his left arm as a pen-wiper. It may be from natural perversity or from his love of strong effects, but he always chooses an old summer garment very light in color and the results, although somewhat exaggerated in our portrait, are quite original and effective.

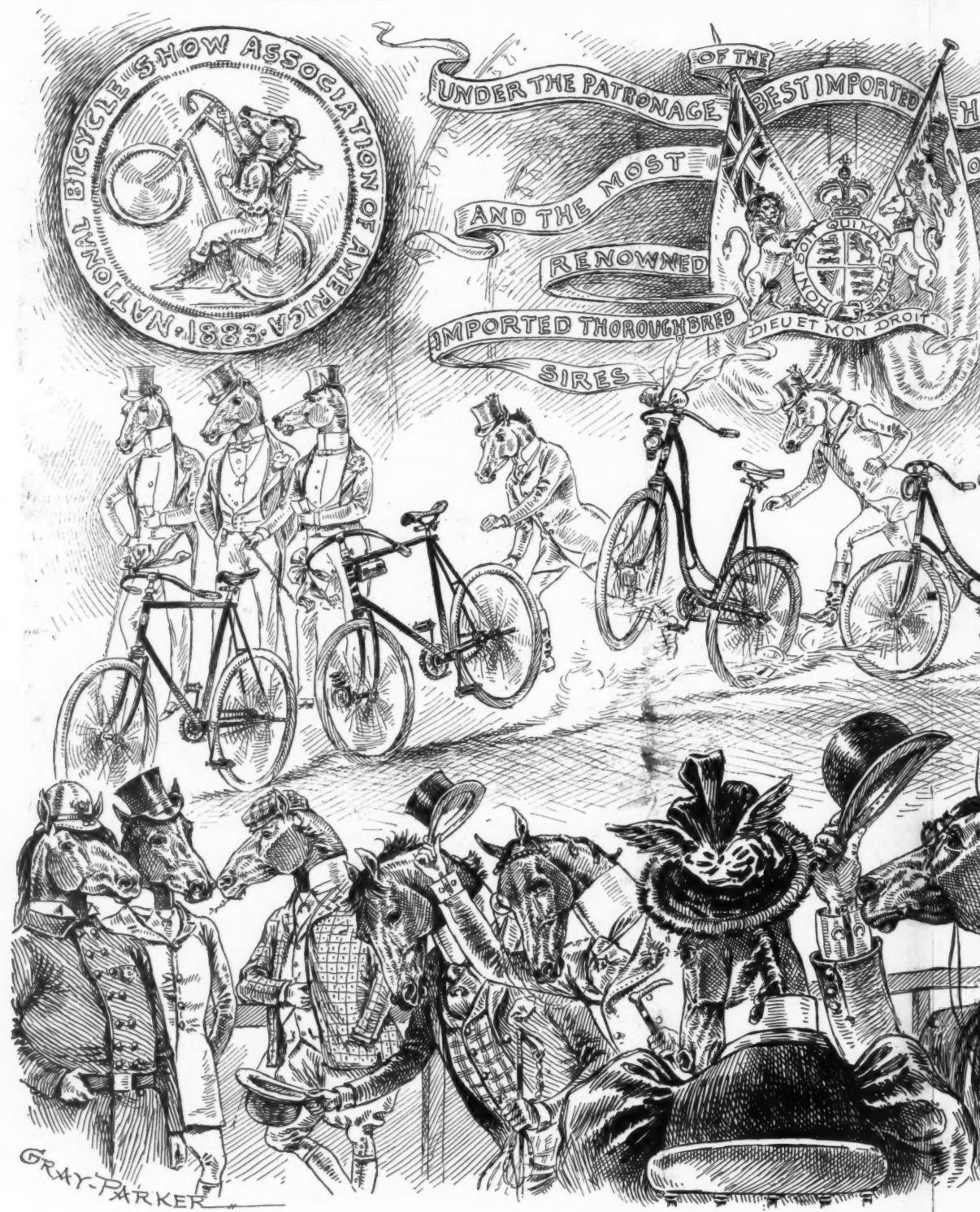
LIFE and Mr. Gibson have grown up together, and although we have little admiration for a being so deficient in delicacy as to extort good money for scratches of a pen that another could do just as well—if he were able—we confess, with reluctance, that personally, we have a high regard for him and enjoy his society.



MR. GIBSON IN HIS STUDIO.

FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

LIFE



LIFE.



EXT HORSE SHOW.



SIR HENRY.

WITH his *Macbeth* the same old question of Mr. Irving's personality comes to the surface. Is he an artist or insincere? Could a true artist be unconscious of such imperfections as he displays, and could an artist, if he were aware of them, fail to do his best to rectify them? Mr. Irving has done and does do so much for the English-speaking stage that every critic must be his friend. His present delivery of *Macbeth's* lines is too great a strain on even friendly criticism. LIFE has something of a contempt for the professional elocutionist who is that and nothing more, but if this is the extreme that Mr. Irving is avoiding, he carries his conscientiousness a good deal too far. One of the functions of the actor is to make clear the author's meaning.

Mr. Irving certainly does not do this in *Macbeth*. So far as our ears could follow him we can absolve him from the charge of

mispronunciation except in the unwarrantable lengthening and division of certain vowels. It is his enunci-

tion and the management or mismanagement of his voice which mars all the intelligent study he has doubtless given to one of Shakespeare's greatest metaphysical creations. This might all be changed by a knowledge and use of the elements of elocution. He should heed the opinion of that young woman, who, although she might have been only a matinee girl, was right when she said, "I like ac-tors be-cause they ar-tic-u-late so dis-tinct-ly."

Will anyone credit Mr. Irving with so little intelligence that he does not recognize his own defects? It is hard to see ourselves as others see us, but the greatest stage manager the world has known certainly has been told often enough of his shortcomings as an actor. Granting then his knowledge, can he be deemed or deem himself a conscientious artist if he does not try to out his faults? All of which forms a painful dilemma for those who like the man and are grateful for what he has done for stage art.

For the production of the play there can be none but words of



"TORE UP YOUR REFERENCES! WHY, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY."  
 "SHURE AND YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT SO IF YOU HAD SEEN THE RIFERINCES."



"SHOWING WHAT IS IN HIM."



A SUGGESTION TO STREET CAR COMPANIES FOR FORCING PASSENGERS TO PAY MORE PROMPT ATTENTION TO THE GENIAL: "MOVE UP, PLEASE!"

praise. Never before has "Macbeth" been made so magnificent and picturesque. And there could not be made a stronger argument against the play itself. With every accessory perfect, it remains the dreariest and most depressing of tragedies. With all its beauty of language, its wonderful analysis of the workings of the human mind, its absorbing strength of situation, it is too melancholy for modern nerves. For the student's closet, yes—for the public stage, no.

All orators and actors know the value of the vocal pause in producing emphasis. *Lady Macbeth* was doubtless of tremendous will and force, but we think that Miss Terry over-portrays these qualities by her over-emphasis. In other words, she goes to the opposite extreme from Mr. Irving in her distinct and too strongly divided enunciation. We are ready and glad to hang upon her speech, but even that happiness may be too long prolonged for the purposes of art. Her interpretation follows the conventional lines a

little more closely than was to be expected from an artist of her originality.

Mr. Irving's support is fully competent, but not remarkable. Some great reputations have had their origins in the subordinate parts of "Macbeth," but in his company there seems to be little material of future promise.

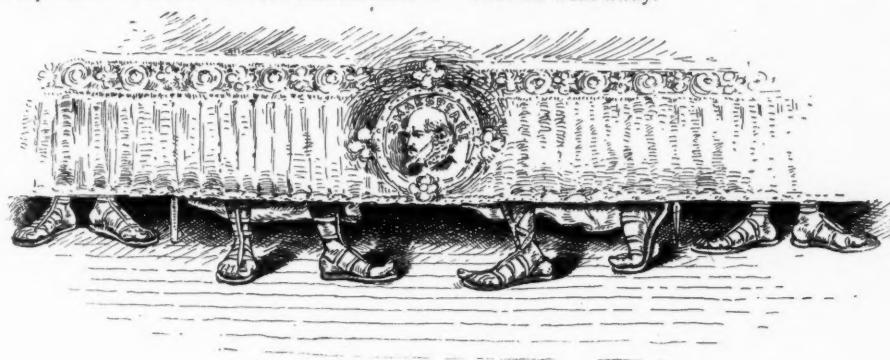
Sir Arthur Sullivan's incidental music is appropriate and pleasing. It is accessory to the play without being obtrusive.

No student of Shakespeare can afford to miss this magnificent production of "Macbeth." It is not likely ever to be so adequately presented again. *Metcalf*.

**THE HIRED MAN:** I'll bet Jack 'll make his mark on the football team this year.

**JACK'S FATHER:** Why?

**THE HIRED MAN:** I give him my pair of brass-knuckles when he went away.





A WELL-KNOWN bishop, who takes a prominent interest in everything affecting the working classes, wishing to judge for himself what a journey in a workman's carriage was like, took a ticket and joined the miscellaneous crowd which fills these trains on the Great Eastern Railway.

After a most undignified struggle for a seat he found himself jammed in between a navvy, smoking a strong, black pipe, on his right, and an artist in house painting, smelling strongly of his craft, and carefully balancing a can of green paint, on his left hand.

In addition to apprehensions for the safe balance of this can and the very unpleasant odors arising, the good bishop was very much shocked by the bad language which garnished the conversation of his neighbors. After a particularly strong expression from the navvy, the bishop, touching him gently, inquired :

" My good man, please tell me where you learn the language you have just made use of."

The navvy replied, with a suspicion of pride in his tone : " Learn it, guv'nor ! You can't learn it. It's a gift—that's wot it is !"—*San Francisco Post*.

A GOOD story, illustrative of the prosaic nature on which art makes no impression, is told by the New York *Evangelist* : In the "monument room" at Trinity church is the large marble tablet in memory of the late Bishop Hobart. It is a bas-relief representing the bishop—a portrait—in the agony of death, sinking into the arms of an allegorical female figure, presumably intended for the Angel of Death. It is said that an aged couple from the rural districts were being shown about the church, and, pausing long before the

tablet, the old lady remarked to her husband : " That's a good likeness of the bishop, but—" regarding the angelic personage attentively—" it's a very poor one of Mrs. Hobart. I knew her well, and she didn't look like that."—*Springfield Union*.

A BACHELOR senator of West Virginia, handsome and popular, was making his usual visits through his district just prior to the election, when, as he left his hotel in a small town, he saw a prominent citizen on the opposite side of the road. While well acquainted with him, he was unacquainted with his family.

With his usual hearty manner he called out, " How are you, colonel ? " which was returned, with the addition " Are you looking around for votes ? "

" Oh, no," says the senator, " I am just around on a little business, but thought that I would stop in to see you and kiss the baby."

" Well, senator, I will be glad to see you, but you cannot kiss my baby, she is a girl and is eighteen years old."—*Ex.*

" MISTER," said a bright boy, on the street, to a passing gentleman, " will you please change half a dollar for me ? "

" Sorry I can't, Johnny," replied the man, " but I haven't much change about me."

" How did you know that my name was Johnny ? " asked the boy apparently in surprise.

" Oh, I guessed it ! " replied the man with an air which indicated that it was an easy matter for him to guess the name of any person he might chance to meet.

" Then you guessed wrong," added the boy, as he began to move away. " My name's Tommy."—*Exchange*.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.  
*A COLONIAL WOOING*. By Charles Conrad Abbott, M.D.

*A Wedding and Other Stories*. By Julian Gordon. THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK.

*The Second Jungle Book*. By Rudyard Kipling. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK AND LONDON. *American War Ballads and Lyrics*. Edited by George Cary Eggleston.

*Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great*. By Elbert Hubbard.

*The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus*. Translated by George Long.

*Fact and Fancy*. By Cupid Jones.

*Tales of a Traveller*. By Washington Irving. Buckthorne Edition.

DR.

SHE was in the country for the summer, and was interested in everything she saw.

" Excuse my ignorance, won't you ? " she exclaimed, as she went over to where Farmer Cornettsel was working, " but I do so love to pick fruit. These plants are very pretty, but I can't see what grows on them."

" No," was the reply, " it is purty hard to see."

" But what do you pick off them ? "

" Tater bugs."—*Washington Star*.

A NEGRO preacher addressed his flock with great earnestness on the subject of " Miracles " as follows : " My beloved friends, de greatest of all miracles was 'bout the loaves and fishes. Dey was five thousand loaves and two thousand fishes, and de twelve 'postles had to eat 'em all. De miracle is, dey didn't bust."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Brear's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Ciarrastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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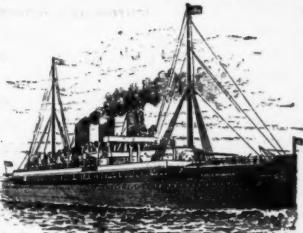
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The Hamburg-American Line's twin-screw Express S.S. FUERST BISMARCK will leave New York, January 28th, 1896, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Nice, Tunis, Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, New York. Duration about 10 weeks.

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A preliminary deposit of \$25 to be made in all cases.

Address all communications to HALCYON MATRIMONIAL CO., 21 West 31st St., N. Y.

Persian gentleman of exalted rank and unbounded wealth. Needs two more wives, but will accept an additional number if sufficiently attractive. No Boston ladies need apply.



A RESIDENT of Yonkers called at the office of the superintendent of the New York Central in this city the other day, and, sending in his card, was promptly admitted to the private room of that official. As he ships considerable freight over the Central's tracks, his reception by the superintendent was a cordial one.

"I am about to take my family up to Saratoga Saturday morning," he said, "and have come to ask you as a favor to have the 8:30 train flagged at Yonkers, so we can get to Saratoga early in the afternoon. It would be extremely inconvenient for us to be compelled to go down to the Grand Central Station in order to board the train, and I think I can safely ask the favor of having it stopped for me at Yonkers."

The superintendent picked up a time table from his desk, glanced it over, and said:

"Well, the rules of the road are very strict on the subject of flagging trains to take on passengers at stations not designated as stops on the train schedule. We seldom grant such requests, even to important officials of the road. If we were to comply with one-quarter of the requests of this sort that we receive, our express trains would be able to make no better time than the ordinary way trains. But we appreciate the fact that we receive a good share of your shipping business, and for that reason are disposed to accommodate you. You can depend upon the 8:30 train stopping at Yonkers next Saturday morning. Have your family ready to get on board, as the train must not be delayed."

The caller expressed his grateful thanks to the superintendent and departed. At 8:30 the following Saturday morning he and his family were driven up to the station in great haste, in two coaches, while an express wagon unloaded several trunks. Having purchased tickets for the party the gentleman hustled out upon the platform, and, approaching the station agent with the haughtiness of a rail-road magnate, said:

"I suppose you received orders from the superintendent to flag the 8:30 train for me?"

The agent looked at him meekly and replied:

"No, sir; I received no orders whatever."

"Why, that's strange," he said. "The superintendent told me positively that the train would be stopped here for me."

The smile that spread over the station agent's face was interpreted by the gentleman to indicate a doubt as to his veracity, and he became properly indignant. The agent still insisted that he had received no orders regarding the flagging of the train.

"Well, the order must certainly have been sent out, and may have miscarried," said the gentleman. "Can't you flag the train, anyhow?"

"No, sir, that is out of the question. I wouldn't flag that train for Chauncey Depew himself, unless I had orders from headquarters to do so. It would cost me my job if I did."

At that moment the train was sighted in the distance, and the gentleman began to prance around the platform in a state of great excitement. He pleaded, begged, and entreated the agent to flag the train, and finally threatened to report him to the superintendent, but all in vain. As the train drew near the station its speed slackened, and it finally stopped. The waiting family was finally bundled on board in a hurry, and as the gentleman climbed on the car steps just as the train started he looked back at the station agent triumphantly and shouted in a voice that was audible to every one on the station platform:

"Didn't I tell you this train was ordered to stop here for me?"

The agent grinned and retorted in stentorian tones:

"Why this train has been stopping here every morning for the last fifteen years."—*New York Sun*.

"THERE is no ingenuity I admire so much as that of the men who get up cyclopædias," said Mr. Cawker to his wife.

"Why?"

"Because it is the most ingeniously ingenious ingenuity extant, that's why. I'll illustrate. I wanted a little information on the planet Jupiter. I went downstairs to the library, and in my simplicity took out the book which, according to the inscriptions on the back, contained the 'J's.' 'J' is the first letter in the word 'Jupiter,' you understand."

Mrs. Cawker nodded.

"Well, I carried the book upstairs and settled myself to absorb useful information about Jupiter. Opening the book, I tracked along alphabetically until I came to where Jupiter ought to be—and what do you suppose I found?"

"I can't imagine."

"Just this—'Jupiter, see Planetary System.' There comes in the ingenuity of the cyclopædia men. First, they never put the information you want under the head you would naturally look for it to be under, and then they carefully put the article to which they refer you in another volume entirely. To do this unerringly requires a great mind, madam."

And Mr. Cawker stalked off downstairs to pursue his hunt for information about Jupiter.—*Harper's Magazine*.



## Nubian Fast Black Dress Lining

Unchangeable—Will not crock—  
Perspiration will not discolor it.

*Look for this on every yard of the Selvage.*

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FOR SALE AT ALL  
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**PIPERAZIN**  
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RECOMMENDED FOR  
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy  
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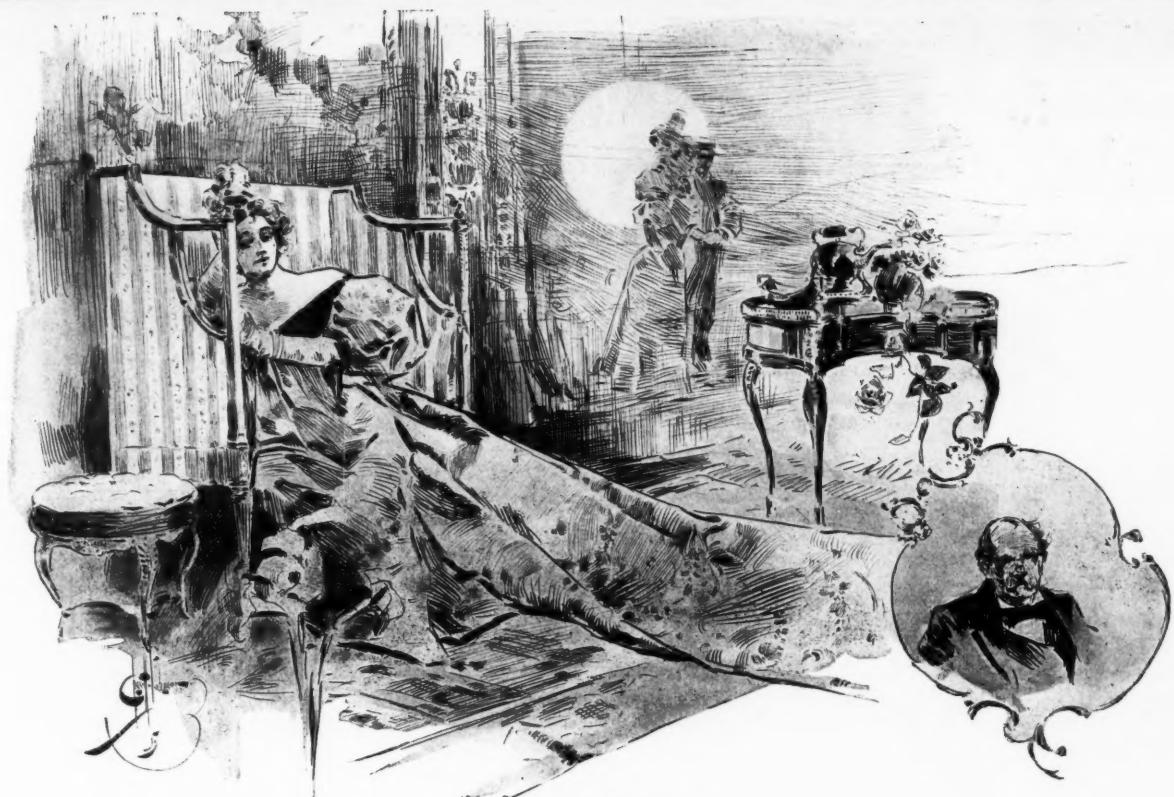
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ON THE TOE.

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D. L. Dowd's Health Exerciser  
For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athletes or invalids. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floorroom, new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated catalog, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, N. Y.

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It is important to buyers that they should be informed that the only ware that has always been known as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

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On White China.

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A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.



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MANHATTAN, MARTINI,  
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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

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Best furnisher keeps them. Fifty cents and upwards. Cheaper model at 25 cents. Sample pairs mailed for price. Look for "graduated" cord and the name on every pair.

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Intending purchasers of Wedding Presents will find a distinct individuality in all our products, and, although no deviation is ever made in the standard of our workmanship, mechanical improvements and the present market value of silver bullion enable us to make all our prices extremely inviting at this time.

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PAPA.—"Well, my dear, I call that Knox Hat good form, good workmanship, good material, and good in every particular."

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ADAMS: What are you reading?

BROWN: It is a very useful book for those who don't know how to swim.

"How so?"

"If you fall overboard, all you have to do is to turn to page 57 and read the directions, and you are safe."—*Standard*.

LITTLE BOY: Please I want the doctor to come and see mother.

SERVANT: Doctor's out. Where do you come from?

LITTLE BOY: What! Don't you know me? Why we deal with you. We had a baby from here last week!—*Exchange*.

"IT's all right, Mary," he said, patiently. "Go into politics and run for office if you want to. But remember one thing, the cartoonists 'll be after you as soon as you're a candidate."

"I don't care."

"And they'll put your picture in the paper with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked."

"Do you think they would do that?" she inquired, apprehensively.

"Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like ten-cent calico, and say that your sealskin coat is imitation."

"William," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "I guess I'll stay just right here and make home happy."—*Washington Star*.

"WHAT has become of Miss Blank, who was always such a favorite in your set?"

"Her father failed some weeks ago, and all they had was sold by auction."

"Poor thing!"

"And now they have to live in a little rented house downtown."

"What a change! How she must grieve."

"Yes. She is so much changed that even her best friends would not recognize her. I met her on the street to-day, and did not know her at all, poor thing!"—*London Chat*.

"LABOUCHERE, while undergoing his Little-go examination at Cambridge, noticed a number of dons prowling about, in the hopes of catching someone cheating. So he hastily scribbled a few words upon a sheet of paper, hid it away under his blotter, and ostentatiously referred to it from time to time, with a great parade of looking furtively round to see that nobody was looking. The trap was not long in taking effect. Argus thunderingly inquired what he had got there. "Oh! nothing—at least, only a piece of paper," stammered the ingenuous youth, provokingly. But the examiner was inexorable. He insisted on looking under the blotter, and was rewarded by reading in a large, round hand, the words: "You may be very clever but you can't eat coke."—*Argonaut*.

### VIN MARIANI AND THE DISPENSARY LAW.

The Dispensary law in South Carolina has of late been so rigidly enforced that many druggists were afraid to sell even medicinal preparations containing wine as one of the constituent parts. This seriously interfered with the sales of the well-known tonic Vin Mariani throughout South Carolina, and the proprietors of that famous specialty made vigorous representations to the Governor on the subject. As a result of these representations, Vin Mariani has been specially exempted from the workings of the Dispensary law, as is shown by the following letter received by Messrs Mariani & Co. from Governor Evans:

(Copy.)

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
OFFICE OF STATE BOARD OF CONTROL.  
COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 5, 1895.  
MARIANI & Co., 52 West Fifteenth Street, New York:

DEAR SIRS—In reply to your favor of 30th ult., Gov. Evans directs me to say that you have his permission to sell the Vin Mariani, and he will exempt it from seizure in the State when not sold as a beverage.

Respectfully,

W. W. HARRIS,  
Clerk S. B. C.

EXCURSION TO EGYPT AND HOLY LAND, \$550.  
F. C. Clark, 111 Broadway, New York.

"LA DELICATESSE," the new "CONFECTION IN CHEESE."—Park & Tilford.

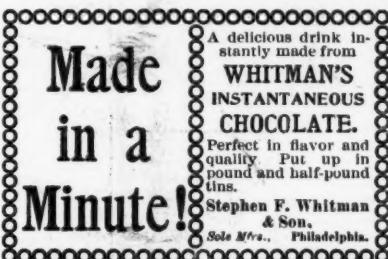
## Ruth and Naomi— The DeLONG Patent Hook and Eye.

See that

hump?



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## ARE YOU DEAF? DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR?

The AURAPHONE will help you if you do. It is a recent scientific invention which will assist the hearing of any one not born deaf. When in the ear it is invisible, and does not cause the slightest discomfort. It is to the ear what glasses are to the eye—an ear spectacle. Enclose stamp for particulars. Can be tested free of charge at any of the NEW YORK AURAPHONE CO.'s Offices 716 Metropolitan Bdg., Madison Square, N. Y., 488 Phillips Bdg., 120 Tremont St., Boston, or 848 Equitable Building, Atlanta, Ga.



Get Rich QUICKLY. Send for '100 Inventions Wanted.' Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

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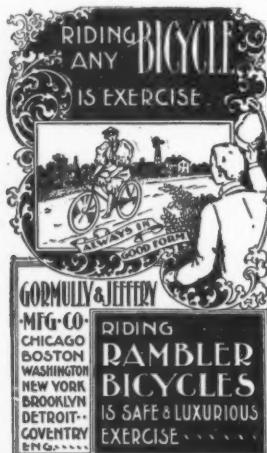
Late importation of Novelties for evening wear.

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French Felt Hats and Toques in evening shades.

Fancy Braids, Roses, Carnations, Chrysanthemums, Aigrettes and Pon Pons.

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What is the  
use of being  
clean!

They, who  
use Pears'  
soap, know.

## If the fall inspection of the table service reveals a lack of Cut Glass

We suggest seeing the display at our new branch store. If you cannot call, send for pamphlet. A large line to choose from for Wedding Gifts.

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(MARIANI WINE)  
THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.

"To cure my cold, I took hot grogs with the delicious Vin Mariani, and it enabled me to sing Carmen."

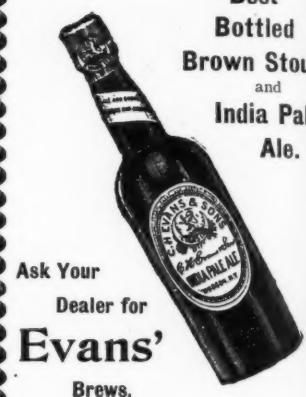
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"It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.